

A MOTHER'S SHATTERED DREAM

By Thomas Henderson



MADE IN U.S.A.

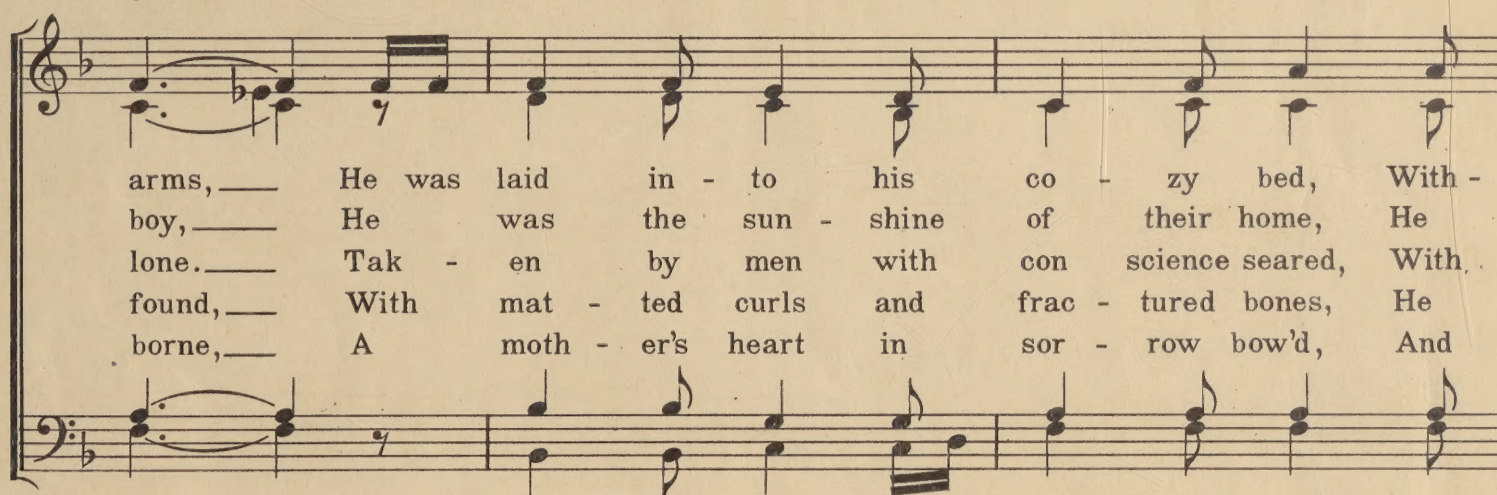
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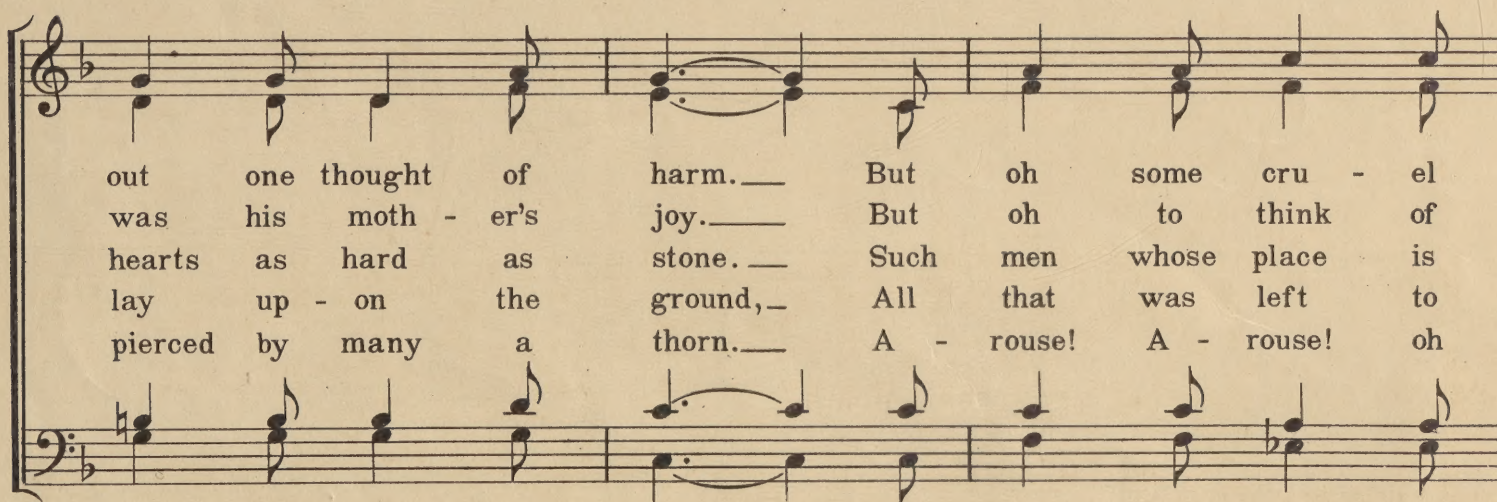
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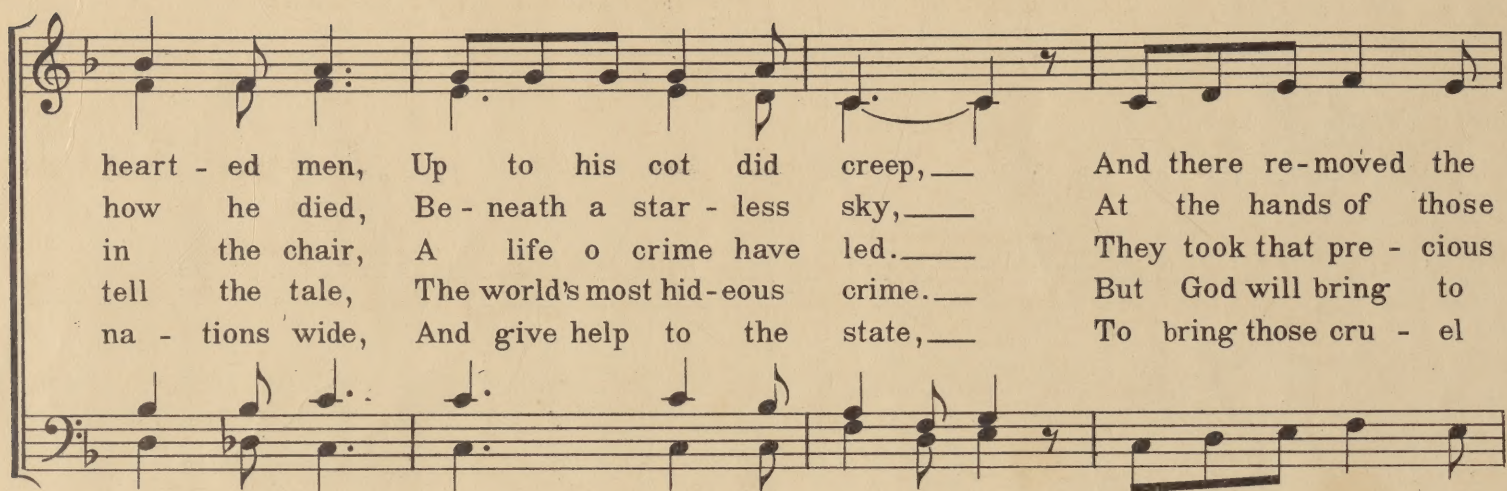
1. 'Twas on - ly a ti - ny ba - by, — Right from his moth - er's
 2. 'Twas on - ly a ti - ny ba - by, — He was his dad - dy's
 3. 'Twas on - ly a ti - ny ba - by, — Tak - en while all a -
 4. 'Twas on - ly a ti - ny ba - by, — Be - neath some leaves was
 5. 'Twas on - ly a ti - ny ba - by, — What pain and an - guish



arms, — He was laid in - to his co - zy bed, With -
 boy, — He was the sun - shine of their home, He
 lone. — Tak - en by men with con science seared, With
 found, — With mat - ted curls and frac - tured bones, He
 borne, — A moth - er's heart in sor - row bow'd, And

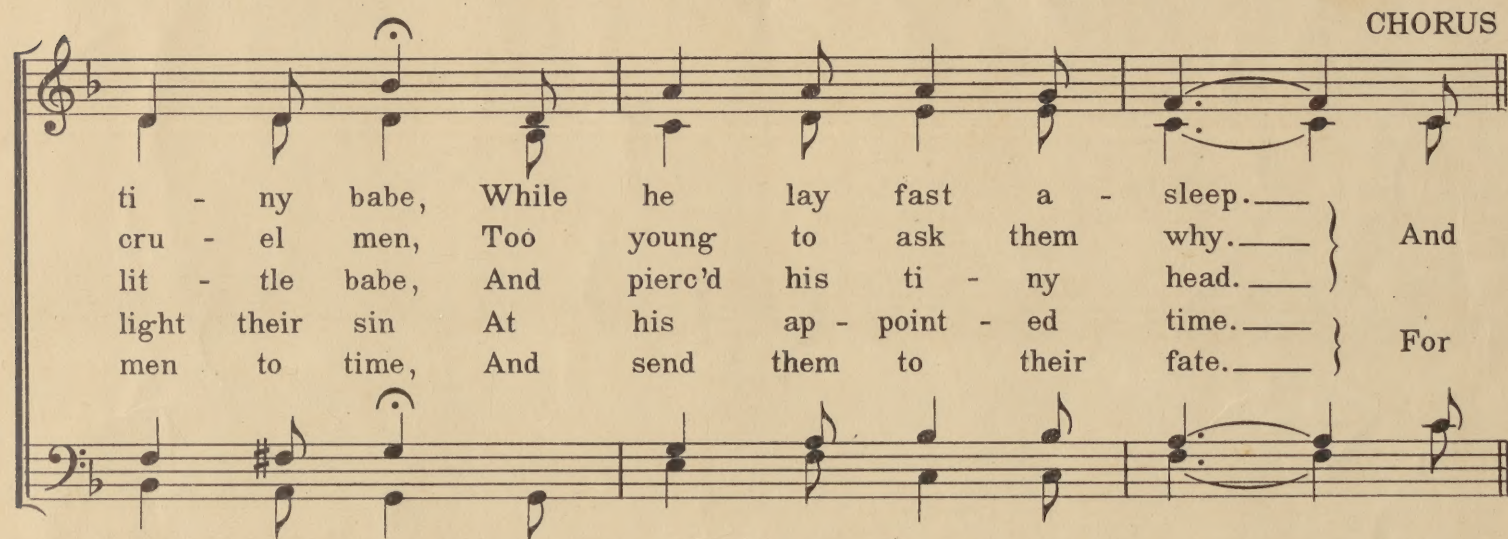


out one thought of harm. — But oh some cru - el
 was his moth - er's joy. — But oh to think of
 hearts as hard as stone. — Such men whose place is
 lay up - on the ground, — All that was left to
 pierced by many a thorn. — A - rouse! A - rouse! oh

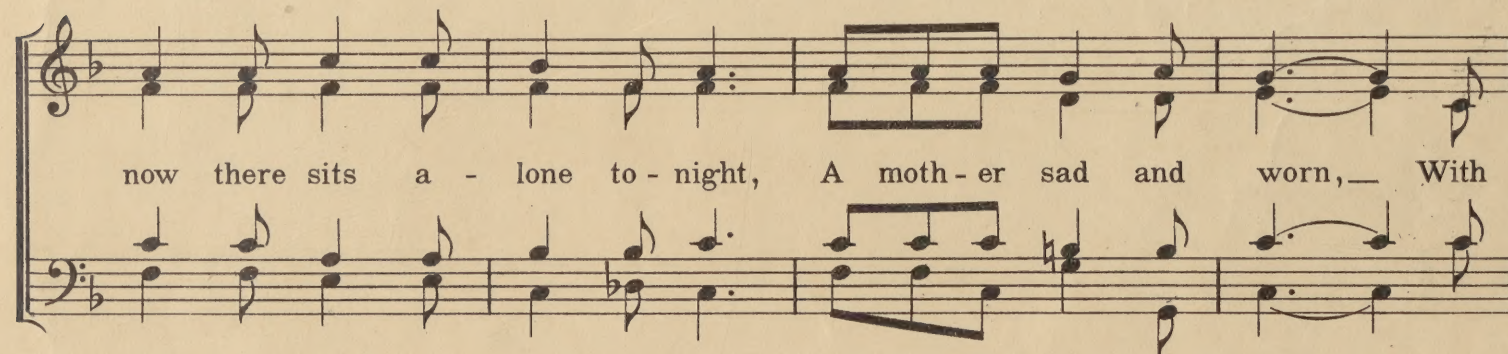


heart - ed men, Up to his cot did creep, — And there re-moved the
 how he died, Be - neath a star - less sky, — At the hands of those
 in the chair, A life o crime have led. — They took that pre - cious
 tell the tale, The world's most hid-eous crime. — But God will bring to
 na - tions wide, And give help to the state, — To bring those cru - el

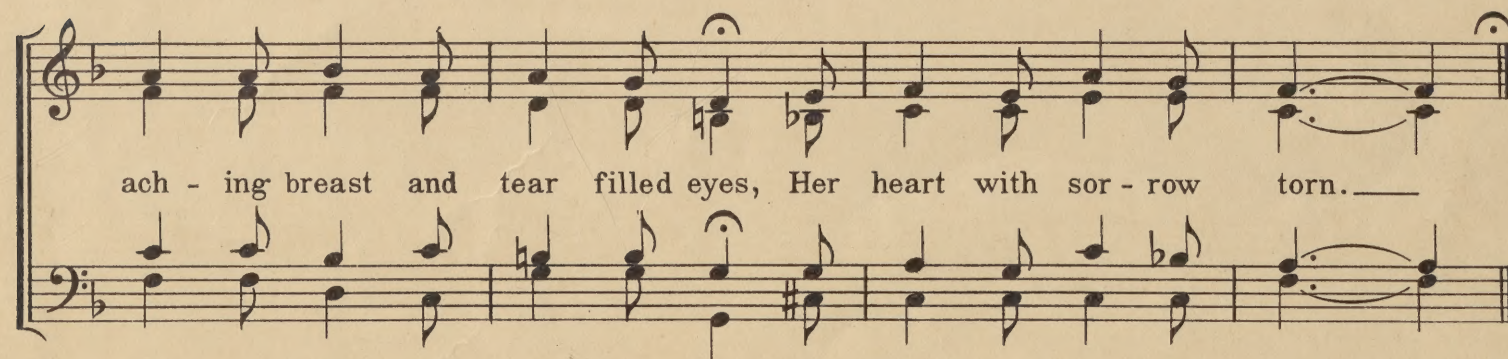
CHORUS



ti - ny babe, While he lay fast a - sleep. — } And
 cru - el men, Too young to ask them why. — }
 lit - tle babe, And pierc'd his ti - ny head. — }
 light their sin At his ap - point - ed time. — } For
 men to time, And send them to their fate. — }



now there sits a - lone to - night, A moth - er sad and worn, — With



ach - ing breast and tear filled eyes, Her heart with sor - row torn. —

